

Halo: The Fallen

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Summary: Well this is my first fic ever made. so i hope you all enjoy

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The Master Chief wheeled around to face the angered elite as the plasma bolt splashed across the back of his MJOLNIR Mark VI Battle suit. The Master Chief was ready for the worse, but all he saw was one elite, though the sangheili (the real name of the race known as elites) were tough this one had no shields and it was only one. The Master Chief drew his side arm, the M6C Pistol and shot the sangheili soldier in the face. The alien fell to the ground in a thunderous roar of pain as the parts in his head splattered across the snowy field in the back of his head from the shot of the M6C Pistol left the head in the back. Finally after more than a day of almost constant fighting, this territory of Earthen land had finally been taken back, but with a heavy price paid. There are a serious amount of marine casualties (i think i spelled that right). On top of that they were low on supplies of all kinds. Still the Chief Believed they were able to take on any thing to stand in there way. The Chief paused for a bit checking out the battle damaged nature around them. He missed the peacefullness of an undisturbed Earth. Still he was happy with what he had left of it. Then over the intercom he heard the familier voice of Private Lockhart "Covenant Dropships inbound less than 3 miles away from your current position Sarge. About 4 of them and one large on seeming to be carrying heavy equipment like Hunters (otherwise known as Lekgolo) or wraiths." A wash of static filled the intercom, then silence. "Roger" Sargeant Johnsons voice flooded the intercom of the Master Chief's. "Chief we could use some help you mind backing us up on the battle field?" Johnson questioned sounding assured the Chief would've come even if he wasn't invited to the battle field. The Master Chief grabbed a battle damaged warthog with a few troops piled up on it and a half emptied supply truck being towed in the back. The Chief made it with some time to spare.

Then five minutes later a dropship flew in, then another two, then the large one and an escort for the large one. The marines were ready and fired an anti air missile. The missile collided with the front end of the large one. Two other missiles followed up behind the first and hit the same dropship. the dropship gave way and spun out of control landing some ways back from the dropships. The Covenant were caught off guard with the first barrage of missiles. this time they were ready and they had learned the whereabouts of the anti air missile silo so they fired on the area making them unable to fire back. The Chief called for back up on the way to the covenant expected LZ, the area where he is already at now. Out of the sky drop pods from all over were making themselves clearer and clearer as they drew nearer to the atmosphere. The pods were manned by the infamous band of soldiers known as ODST's, or helljumpers. The pods landed with a loud bang as the pods made craters in the Earth. Then the pod entrances popped open and helljumpers crawled out with two snipers, ten heavy duty and twenty assaultmen. The covenant dropships dropped off the one hundred soldiers which formed up into organized strike teams. The Chief wasn't going to let his men die at this time no way not when the war was heating up passed the boiling point. He discarded all doubts in his mind that he would lose, though they were low on ammo, he never losses and he wasn't going to let him self lose at this time he had won way to much to start losing all of a sudden. Wasn't he who survived the worse of covenant and wasn't he who survived the massive flood outbreak and against all odds finished the planet Halo? He knew damned well he wasn't going to let all that be for nothing. the chief discarded the thoughts because it was an innapropriatet time to be doubting his ability to win. Then all out war broke out. grenades and plasma was fired from all over the place. But also human bullets were filling the air as well. Explosions and sounds of troops, human and covenant alike dieing also filled the air. Then the Chief spotted a Covenant Strike team called for two other marines to help him take them out. he chuncked a plasma grenade at the leader of the team, which just happens to be a Jiralhanae, or brute. The grenade landed perfectly. the brute dropped his weapon and went berserk just before the nade exploded. The it exploded and killed the rest of the strike team. That just happened to be the last of the covenant troops the dropships dropped. The Master Chief sat down and rested. Rejoicing as he knew that was the last battle for a bit.

End
file.